

The Works
of
George Whitefield

Volume III

Letters 1753-1770

**The *Bethesda* Orphan-House
in *Georgia***

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THE
W O R K S

OF THE REVEREND

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M. A.

Late of PEMBROKE-COLLEGE, OXFORD,
And Chaplain to The Rt. Hon. the Countess of HUNTINGDON.

CONTAINING

All his SERMONS and TRACTS
Which have been already published:

WITH

A SELECT COLLECTION of
LETTERS,

Written to his most intimate Friends, and Persons of Distinction, in
England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, from the Year 1734 to 1770,
including the whole Period of his Ministry.

ALSO

Some other PIECES on IMPORTANT SUBJECTS,
never before printed; prepared by Himself for the Press.

To which is prefixed,

An ACCOUNT of his LIFE,
Compiled from his Original PAPERS and LETTERS.

VOLUME III.

LONDON:

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and Messrs. KINCAID and BELL in Edinburgh.

MDCCLXXI

L E T T E R S .

LETTER DCCCCLXV.

Mr J____B_____.

My very dear Friend,

London, Feb. 1, 1753.

THOUGH I have had no answer to my last, yet I suppose it hath reached your hands, and I am glad to hear that *Ephratah* plantation is in some degree opened, and thereby a preparation made for a future progress this spring. Mr *Fox* not coming, and going upon lumber, hath been a great loss to my poor family, but I hope ere now all is settled, and the sawing carried on with vigour. That seems to be the thing which providence points out at present, and as so many negroes are ready, it will be a pity that *Bethesda* should not do something, as well as the neighbouring planters. If it was not that I am erecting a large place for public worship, eighty feet square, and am called to preach to so many thousands in various places, I would come over immediately myself. But perhaps it will be best to stay till the new Governor is appointed and embarks, or at least to come a little before him. I hear that Colonel *Vanderdison* will in all probability be the man; they are determined I find to have a military person. With this, I send your brother a power to dispose of *Providence* plantation, and I hope to hear shortly that Doctor *B_____*, with your assistance, hath purchased more negroes.—My dear friend, do exert yourself a little for me in this time of my absence, and I trust the Orphan-house affairs will shortly be so ordered, that none shall be troubled about its affairs, but my own domestics. As *Nathaniel P_____* is so willing, and hath hitherto behaved so faithfully, I have sent him a full power in conjunction with Mrs *W_____* to act under you. The man and woman that bring this, are with their son indented

to me, and I have an excellent school mistress and a young student, engaged to come over shortly. Ere long, I suppose we shall have a large family. LORD grant it may be a religious one! I would have nothing done in respect to the building, besides repairing the piazza, and what else is absolutely necessary, till I come. Perhaps I may bring a carpenter along with me, who will stay some years. I cannot tell what can induce me to take care of a place, where the gospel is so little regarded, unless it be a principle of faith. Surely it will not always be so. What difference is there between *Georgia*, and several parts of *England*? Here thousands and ten thousands run, and ride miles upon miles to hear the gospel.—There—but I do not love to think of it. O my dear friend, whatever others do, may you and your household serve the LORD! I see there is no happiness, but in keeping near to JESUS CHRIST.—But this prosperity,—this worldly mindedness,—how many fools hath it destroyed; how many of GOD’S own children hath it awfully bewildered! May the LORD keep all my dear friends clear of this dangerous rock! My love to all. How is Mr V____? Pray do your utmost to bring about a reconciliation between him and Mr B____. I could give several particular and powerful reasons; at present I can add no more. My dear friend, pray for us, and exert yourself for *Bethesda*; *Bethesda*’s GOD will richly reward you.

Yours most affectionately in our common

LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVI.

To Lady H____n.

Ever-honoured Madam,

London, Feb. 9, 1753.

IT gives me pain, when any of your Ladyship’s letters lie by me unanswered,—I would always write immediately if I could. For many days I have been much engaged, but can now refrain no longer. Your Ladyship’s letter was immediately forwarded to *Philadelphia*.—It will be an acceptable present to the good old Governor. I wish Mr T____ may not make too great compliances,—but I fear instability is his weak side. I have not

heard from *South-Audley Street*, since I wrote last to your Ladyship.—The *Moravian's* outward scheme, I am apt to believe will soon be disconcerted. Strange! Why will GOD's children build *Babels*? Why will they flatter themselves, that GOD owns and approves of them, because he suffers them to build high? In mercy to them, such buildings, of whatever kind, must come down. I hope our new-intended tabernacle is not of this nature. It would have pleased your Ladyship, to have seen how willingly the people gave last LORD's day. At seven in the morning we collected fifty pounds, in the evening one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Blessed be GOD, we have now near nine hundred pounds in hand. He that hath begun, I trust will enable us to go on, and bring out the top-stone, shouting Grace! Grace! Our LORD still continues to work in our old despised place. I trust it hath been a *Bethel* to many, many souls. This your Ladyship knows may be any where. *Clifton's* a *Bethel* when GOD is there. That your Ladyship may enjoy more and more of the divine presence, and increase with all the increase of GOD, is the continual prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and
ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVII.

To Mr G_____.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

London, Feb. 9, 1753.

I HAVE two of your kind letters lying by me unanswered.—I am not usually so dilatory, but business and bodily weakness have prevented me. At present, I have a cold and fever upon me, but I preach on, hoping one day or another to die in my work. One Mr *Steward*, a dear minister of CHRIST, that began to be popular in the church, entered into his rest last week. I saw him just before he expired. Methinks I hear him say, "Love CHRIST more, and serve him better." O that I may do so in earnest! For indeed my obligations increase continually. We have had a blessed winter. Many have been added to our flock.—Next week I intend, GOD willing, to lay the first brick of our

new tabernacle. I am now looking up for direction about my removal.—Which are the best seasons for the north? I should be glad to know speedily. Have you the first account you wrote of your conversion? Or have you leisure to draw up a short narrative of the rise and progress of the work of GOD in your parts? A dear Christian minister in *Scotland*, is about to publish two volumes, relative to the late awakenings in various places. Such things should be transmitted to posterity; in heaven all will be known. Thanks be to GOD that there is such a rest remaining for his dear people. I am too impatient to get at it. But who can help longing to see JESUS? What but a hope and prospect of furthering his glorious gospel, can reconcile us to this *aceldama*, this wide howling wilderness? If we had not our beloved to lean on, what should we do? Go on, my dear Sir, in his strength; I wish you much, yea very much prosperity. The LORD bless you, and all the dear souls in your parts, with all spiritual blessings. I am glad you have received the books; I am now publishing two more sermons, and a small collection of hymns for public worship. *Benedictus benedicat et benedificentur*. I commend you and all to his never-failing mercy and myself to your continual prayers, as being, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common

LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVIII.

To C____ W_____.

My dear Friend,

London, March 3, 1753.

Thank you and your brother most heartily for the loan of the chapel. Blessed be GOD, the work goes on well.—On *Thursday* morning, the first brick of our new tabernacle was laid with awful solemnity. I preached from *Exodus* the twentieth, and the latter part of the twenty-fourth verse; “In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee. Afterwards we sung, and prayed for GOD’s blessing in all places, where his glorious name is recorded. The wall is now about a yard high. The building is to be eighty feet square. It is upon

the old spot. We have purchased the house, and if we finish what we have begun, shall be rent-free for forty-six years. We have above eleven hundred pounds in hands. This I think is the best way to build. Mr *Steward's* death so affected me, that when I met the workman that night to contract about the building, I could scarce bear to think of building tabernacles. Strange! that so many should be so soon discharged, and we continued! Eighteen years have I been waiting for the coming of the son of GOD; but I find we are immortal till our work is done. O that we may never live to be ministered unto, but to minister! Mr *Steward* spoke for his LORD as long as he could speak at all. He had no clouds nor darkness. I was with him, till a few minutes before he slept in JESUS. I have good news from several parts; a door is opening at *Winchester*. Surely the little leaven will ferment, till the whole kingdom be leavened. Even so, LORD JESUS, Amen! Pray how does our elect Lady? I hope to write to her Ladyship next post. Joint love attends you and yours, and your brother and his household.—That all may increase with all the increase of GOD, is still the earnest prayer of, my dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common

LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXIX.

To Mr M_____.

My dear Mr M_____,

London, March 10, 1753.

I AM glad you have had such good times. I was grieved that Mr *E_____* was taken from *London*, because Mr *M_____* was taken ill, and a carnal preacher put up in his room. But GOD's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Let this consideration reconcile you to my not preaching at Mr *B_____*'s. I went as far as Mrs *S_____*'s, but so many things occurred, that I went no further. You may hear more when we meet again. I have preached at *Spitalfields* chapel twice. Both the Mr *W_____*s are agreed, as the younger brother writes me word, in answer to my letter. Let brotherly love continue! I do not like writing against any body, but I think,

that wisdom which dwells with prudence, should direct you not to fill Mr *W*____'s' people (who expect you will serve them) with needless jealousies. He that believeth doth not make haste.— I therefore wait, being accused of this, that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out. I hope to see the time, when you will talk less of persons and things, and more of Him, who is the common head of his whole mystical body. This, and this alone can make and keep you steady in yourself, and extensively useful to others. I am glad you know when persons are justified. It is a lesson I have not yet learnt. There are so many stony-ground hearers that receive the word with joy, that I have determined to suspend my judgement, till I know the tree by its fruits. You will excuse this freedom. I love you with a disinterested love. I only wish you may be happy in JESUS. This will make you see things with new eyes, and give you such a freedom of heart as is unspeakable, and full of glory. For the present I must bid you adieu. That the LORD of all Lords may confirm, strengthen, stablish, and settle you in his love, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr *M*____,

Yours most affectionately in our common

LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXX.

*To Mr S*____.

My dear Friend,

London, March 21, 1753.

BY last *Monday*'s wagon there was sent a box of books. May the Redeemer own and bless what is sent in it! Then all will be well. I know your prayers will not be wanting. I am glad you have found out another thief, that lay hid in the chambers of imagery, which are in your heart. Time and temptation will draw out ten thousand more, which as yet, you know nothing of. Happy they, who can discover, pluck out, and cut off their right hand and right eye corruptions. This must be done, or we shall only take up with the bare semblance of holiness. The Redeemer must sit as a refiner's fire upon our hearts, or we shall never be purified as gold or silver. This is our comfort,

when we are tried we shall come forth like gold. The offences that we meet with in the church, are most trying;—therefore they are permitted to come. I wish my dear Mr G____, as well as yourself, may learn experience from what hath happened, and never run yourselves into needless difficulties. What is happening to the *Moravians* is no more than I have long expected, and spoken of to many friends. Their scheme is so *antichristian* in almost every respect, that I am amazed the eyes of the *English* brethren have not long since been opened, and the *Babel* stopped at the first. But the glorious GOD generally suffers such buildings to go high, that their fall may be more conspicuous. May the builders rise (I mean as to spirituals) by their falls, and gain by their losses! That is all the harm I wish them. My dear man, what a blessed thing it is to live and walk in the simplicity of the gospel! How happy is that man, who being neither fond of money, numbers, nor power, goes on day by day without any other scheme, than a general intention to promote the common salvation amongst people of all denominations. Will you pray that I may be thus minded? I cease not to pray for you and yours, and any other dear friends at *Leeds*; and I would set out immediately for the north, was I not obliged to be here in about two months, to attend and give further orders about our building. But some time in the summer.—What!—I hope to see the fields white, ready unto harvest again, and to rejoice together with you in our common LORD.—In the mean while, let us be busy for so blessed a Master, and be continually pressing forward towards the mark for the prize of our high calling. The LORD JESUS say Amen! Adieu. With joint love to all, I subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious
Head,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXI.

To Mr G____.

Dear Mr G____,

Norwich, April 17, 1753.

IT hath given me concern, that your letter, with Mr D____'s and Miss A____'s, have lain by me so long unanswered. Business, and not want of love, hath prevented my writing. Was it not sinful, I could wish for a thousand hands, a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives: all should be employed night and day, without ceasing, in promoting the glory of the ever-loving JESUS. Thanks be to his great name for reviving his work in the midst of the years. I trust that his people every where will be made to sing, "The Winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." All things promise well in *London*; and I hope you will yet see greater things than ever in the *North*. Some time this Summer I hope to see you all again. In the mean while, you must not fail to pray for me. I must not fail to pray for me. I must now begin to enter upon my Spring circuit. For these three days past, I have been preaching here twice a-day. In the mornings we have been quiet, but in the evenings the sons of *Belial* have been somewhat rude. The place built here for public worship, is much larger than yours at *Newcastle*: and, I believe, hundreds of truly awakened souls attend. What cannot GOD do? What will the end of this be? The destruction of *Jericho*.—The rams'-horns must go round, till her tow'ring walls fall down. Who would but be one of these rams'-horns? My dear Sir, let us not be ashamed of the cross of CHRIST: it is lined with love, and will ere long be exchanged for a crown. JESUS himself will put it on our heads. I am called away, and therefore cannot enlarge. Tomorrow, GOD willing, I return to *London*, and hope soon to get time to answer my other *Newcastle* correspondents. In the mean while, pray remember me to them and all in the most cordial manner, and beg them never, never to cease praying for, my dear Sir,

Their and your most affectionate friend
and ready servant for CHRIST's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXII.

To Mr R____ K____ n.

My very dear Friend,

Norwich, April 18, 1753

HOW does GOD delight to exceed even the hopes, and to disappoint the fears of his weak, though honest-hearted people! In spite of all opposition, he hath caused us to triumph even in *Norwich*. Thousands attend twice every day, and hear with greatest eagerness. I hope it will appear yet more and more, that GOD hath much people here. I am greatly importuned to stay over Lord's-day, but I hope to be in *Spitalfields* on *Saturday* evening, and to spend the holydays in *London*. O that they may prove glorious days of the Son of Man! Thanks be to GOD it is the Christian's privilege to keep holyday all the year round. "CHRIST, our passover, is sacrificed for us," and we are called to keep a perpetual feast. Happy, happy they, who know what it is to banquet on the love of JESUS. Surely it passeth all understanding. Of this happiness, you and yours have been made partakers. What need have we then to cry out, "What shall we render unto the LORD for his mercies!" O my dear Sir, let us keep close to our loving LORD, and not suffer the noise and hurry of business, to rob us of one moment's communion and fellowship with the ever-blessed GOD. I commend you both to his never-failing mercy; and wishing you, from my inmost soul, the very best of blessings, even the sure mercies of *David*, I subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common

Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIII.

To Mr D____.

Dear Sir,

London, April 27, 1753.

ON *Saturday* evening, a never-failing Redeemer brought me safe to *London*, where I have been indisposed ever since. But I shall little regard the weakness and indisposition of my body, if I can but have the pleasure of hearing, if not before, yet at the great day, that good was done to one precious soul

at *Norwich*. Blessed be GOD for the seed sown there. I doubt not but it will be watered with the dew of his heavenly blessing, and bring forth a divine increase. O that it may spring up, and bear fruit abundantly in the heart of you and yours! My poor prayers shall not be wanting in your behalf. This is the only return I can make to you both, for the great kindness conferred on me at your house. You know who hath promised, "That a cup of cold water, given for his name's sake, shall not lose its reward." What a Saviour is this! Who would but love and serve him! Surely his service is perfect freedom! I hope all my dear *Norwich* friends will find it so every day. Be pleased to salute them all most affectionately, as they come in your way. I trust they will remember me at the throne of grace. You all know my name: I am the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints, but

Their and your obliged friend, and ready
servant for CHRIST'S sake,

G. W.

LETTER D C C C L X X I V .

My dear David,

London, May 1, 1753.

DO you enquire where I am? I answer, in *London*, longing to come to *Leeds*, and yet withheld hitherto by His providence who ordereth all things well. Let us have a little more patience, and then in a few weeks I hope to have a blessed range in the *North*. GOD'S time I have always found to be the best time in the end. Ere now, I suppose, Mr *L_____* hath received my letter from *Norwich*. The word ran and was glorified there. Preaching so frequently, and riding hard, almost killed me; but what is my body in comparison of precious and immortal souls? O that this Spring may prove a Spring-time every day! Indeed I want to begin to begin to do something for JESUS. At present I am engaged in a very ungrateful work; I mean, in writing against the leading *Moravian* brethren. When you see it, you will know whether there was not a cause: a second edition of the pamphlet is just come out. I fear the third part of the Journals cannot be procured: perhaps it is not much matter. I am sick of all I do,

and stand astonished that the Redeemer still continues to make use of and bless me. Surely I am more foolish than any man; no one receives so much, and does so little. If you was here, we would weep together: friends know what it is to exchange hearts. May the common friend of sinners keep both our hearts near himself, and then all will be well. I cannot think of *Leeds* without weeping. I love that people, and pray that they may increase with all the increase of GOD. "Brethren, pray for us," is still the earnest request of my poor heart. I am weaker than the weakest, less than the least of all. Write to me; I do not like your sending such round-about ways: friends' letters always pay postage. O let us send often by post to heaven; I mean, on the wings of faith and love: from thence we shall assuredly receive good answers, though not always in our own way or time. For the present, farewell. My hearty love to all the true followers of the Lamb. I hope to write to all in time. In great haste, but much greater love, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXV.

To Mr S_____.

My dear Man,

Haverford-west, May 27, 1753.

THOUGH my wife hath not sent me the letter, yet she writes me, "That you have sent me a threatening one." I thank you for it, though unseen, and say unto thee, if thou art thus minded, "What thou doest, do quickly." Blessed be GOD, I am ready to receive the most traitorous blow, and to confess before GOD and man, all my weaknesses and failings, whether in public or private life. I laid my account of such treatment, before I published my expostulatory letter.—And your writing in such a manner, convinces me more and more, that *Moravianism* leads us to break through the most sacred ties of nature, friendship, and disinterested love. But my wife says you write, "That *I am drunk with power and approbation.*" Wast thou with me so long, my dear man, and hast thou known me no better? What power didst thou know me ever to grasp at? Or what

power am I now invested with? None, that I know of, except that of being a poor pilgrim. And as for approbation, GOD knows, I have had little else besides the cross to glory in, since my first setting out.—May that be my glory still! But my wife says you write, “That I promised not to print.” I remember no such thing. I know you advised me not to do so, but I know of no promise made. If I remember, I had not then read *Rimius*; but after that, I both heard and saw so many things, that I could not, with a safe conscience, be silent. My wife says likewise, that you write, “The bulk of my letter is not truth.” So says Mr *Peter B*____; nay, he says, “that all is a lie:” and I hear he declares so in the pulpit. So that whether I will or not, he obliges me to clear myself in print; and if he goes on in this manner, will not only constrain me to print a third edition, but also to publish the dreadful heap that lies behind. My answers to him, the Count, and my old friend *H*____, are almost ready. I cannot send them this post, but may have time ere long. O my dear man, let me tell thee, that the GOD of truth and love hates lies: and that cause can never be good, which needs equivocations and falsehoods to support it. GOD willing, you shall have none from me. I have naked truth. I write out of pure love: and the LORD JESUS only knows, what unspeakable grief and pain I feel, when I think how many of my dear friends have so involved themselves. If any thing stops my pen, it will be concern for them, not myself. I value neither name, nor life itself, when the cause of GOD calls me to venture both. Thanks be to his great name, I can truly say, that for these many years last past, no sin hath had dominion over me; neither have I slept with the guilt of any known, unrepented sin lying upon my heart: if you will tell me of any, I will be obliged to you. In the mean while, I wish thee well in body and soul, and subscribe myself, my dear *John*,

Your very affectionate, though injured,
friend for CHRIST’S sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVI.

To Mr R____ K____ n.

Newman, June 2, 1753.

Do not think that I have forgotten either you or yours, or my promise of writing to you. Travelling and preaching have prevented me. Within a little more than a fortnight, I have rode three hundred and fifty miles, and preached above twenty times: with what success the great day will discover. Then we shall know who are stony-ground hearers, and who receive the word into honest and good hearts. At *Narboth, Pembroke, Haverford-west, &c.* congregations were large; and a gracious melting seemed to be among the people. Nature now cries out for a little ease, but faith says, "It is now just time to begin to begin." Perhaps you may hear me preach next *Thursday* evening. *London* people attract me much. O that our hearts may be more and more drawn towards JESUS! I hope this will find you (like the impression of my seal) with your soul winged for heaven, and this poor, earthly, good-for-nothing world, under your feet. Could I fly away, you should never see me till we meet at the right hand of GOD. There the wicked, and even my own mother's children, nay my spiritual children, will cease from troubling me, and my weary soul will enjoy an everlasting rest. I can now no more. I am baiting at an inn not far from *Gloucester*; hoping mostly to see you and yours grown in grace; and begging all your dear relations to accept hearty love, I subscribe myself, my dear, dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common

LORD,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVII.

To Mr ____.

My very dear Friend,

London, June 8, 1753.

I was glad, at my return from a late excursion, to find a letter from you, especially as it bespoke your heart to be nearer than usual to the ever-loving, ever-lovely JESUS. May this intimacy increase daily, and the fruits of it appear in your abounding in

every good word and work! I find more and more, that one's whole life ought to be a continued sacrifice of love. I am glad Mr *R*____ is owned. This gives me hopes, that he begins to preach as when he first set out, and as he told a friend, a little before his embarking, "that he hoped he should." It never went better with his heart than then. GOD keep him and all from further entanglements by fleshly wisdom and worldly policy! which I think have nothing to do with the work of the LORD. Mr *S*____ can tell you what concern the *B*____'n's awful conduct hath given me. Surely if the Redeemer had not supported me, I should within these two months have died with grief. But I will say no more: JESUS knows all things. He will not long bear with guile. You know my temper. The LORD help me in simplicity and godly sincerity to have my conversation in the world, and in the church! By this time twelvemonth (if in the land of the dying) I hope to see you. In the mean while, let Mr *S*____ speak. I hope he hath succeeded to his wishes; and I pray earnestly that the GOD of the seas and of the dry land, may bring him safe to the desired haven. Ere long we shall all arrive, I trust, in *Abraham's* harbour; from thence we shall never put out to sea any more. There the wicked world, and even GOD'S own children, will cease from troubling, and our weary souls enjoy an everlasting rest. May you and yours enter with a full gale! Let us write to, though we cannot as yet see each other. Our hearty love and respects await Mr *P*____, and all enquiring friends. I am glad to hear Mr *T*____ is coming over with Mr *D*____. If they come with their old fire, I trust they will be enabled to do wonders. I and Messrs *W*____'s are very friendly. I like them, because they go out and let the world see what they are at once; I suspect something wrong, when so much secrecy is required. But I must have done. Only let me tell you, that the Redeemer still owns my feeble labours. I have been a circuit of about 700 miles, and preached to many thousands. My body yet is upheld, and my soul rejoices in GOD my Saviour. Help me, help me to praise him. I thank you for what you have done for Mr *H*____, and for all past favours. That grace, mercy and